Ber. What reaſon haue you fort.

Brag. The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt. I goe Woolward for pennance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſh-cloute of *Iaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger Mounſier Marcade.

Marcad. God ſaue you Madame.

Quee. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrmpteſt our merriment.

Marcad. I am ſorrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Quee. Dead for my life.

Marcad. Euen ſo: my tale is tolde.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

Brag. For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue ſeene the day of wrong through the litle hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys*

King. How fares your Maieſtie?

Quee. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to nyght.

King. Madame Not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Quee. Prepare I ſay: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo comming too ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſute, ſo eaſely obtainde.

King. The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeede:
And often at his very looſe decides

That